

ON THE
DEATH
OF THE
DUKE
OF
ORMOND.
AN
ECLOGUE.

Daphnīn ad astra serenius amavit nos quoq; Daphnis. Virg. Eclo.

L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be Sold by Randal Taylor, near
Stationers-Hall. MDC LXXXVIII.

DEATH

OF THE

ORMOND.



Deposited and after perusal annexed nos. duos. Deposits. Vinc. Edo.

L O N D O N

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ON THE
DEATH
 OF THE
DUKE
 OF
ORMOND.

AND now, ye Muses, (if a Muse there be
 Alive, and not with grief struck dumb as he,)

A Verse is to *Barzillai's* ashes due,
 To your *Barzillai* this last kindness shew,
Barzillai ever was a friend to you.

Weep for *Barzillai*, for *Barzillai's* dead,
 Weep for your selves, your friend is with him fled,
 Weep for your selves, and for *Barzillai* dead.

Forgive us Saint —

If through a Pious Errour led astray,

Our Piety should t' Impiety us betray.

Forgive us Saint, if we should wish that thou

Now dead, a second Fate might'st undergo,

That thou might'st dye ev'n in our memories too.

Barzillai's Name nere troubled us before,

Now we could wish never to hear it more;

Those very Glories which once made him Great,

Those very Glories would we now forget,

Which only serve to make him more lamented yet,

And add to th' Spoils, and Triumphs of his Fate.

That bad mens memories irksome were we knew,

Here to our cost we find that good mens are so too.

Since great *Barzillai's* Vertues now once past,

Are only sad remembrancers of what we've lost,

Serve only now just to adorn his Hearse,

And be the Subject of a mournful Verse.

Weep than ye Muses, for *Barzillai's* dead,

Weep for your selves, your friend is with him fled,

Weep for your selves, and for *Barzillai* dead.

Yes we will grieve —

And to stir up our grief, enough 'twill be

To think *Barzillai*, of thy acts and thee;

There we may read our loss, who lends an ear,

Must surely lend an eye, must surely lend a tear.

And first, let's him in his Pavilion view,

Where he his Sword for his great Master drew:

Heavens! with what matchless Courage there he stood

And writ the Royal Cause in its Foes Blood;

To save his Masters Head, (could that been done)

How oft was he in danger of his own!

If

If letting blood could the sick State have cur'd,
 He drew so much as might our hopes secur'd :
 And though by gentler means Heav'n gave us ease
 Nor would that VVar should be the establisher of Peace,
 Yet this however shall for ever raise
 To him a monument of Eternal praise,
 That he a Land (which as our story tells,
 Is quite exempt from any Poyson else)
 Did so reduce unto its lawful Prince,
 He was the first did root out Poyson thence.
 See Muses, then is not your Verse his due,
 Who thus provided for your Verse and you ?
 His Acts and He, how well might you proclaim,
 The Muses Patron he, and those the Muses Theam.
 Weep than ye Muses, for *Barzillai's* dead,
 Weep for your selves, your friend is with him fled,
 Weep for your selves, and for *Barzillai* dead.

When Age had made him less for Action fit,
 She made him stronger for directing it ;
 And what decaying Nature hath deny'd
 His Hands, she that to his strong Head supply'd ;
 He his Ag'd Head from bus'ness ne're withdrew,
 His Head which stronger, as he wiser grew.
 This held us up too well, thou saw'st it too,
 Who wouldst thy Hands in's Sacred Blood imbrew. *Blood.*
 None could so Barbarous, so Inhumane be,
 But one who durst attempt the Crown it self ; and he }
 Did then attempt the Crown when he attempted thee. }
 Thy strength of mind and Fortitude was shown,
 In that thy *Chimham's* Death was not thy own. *Lord Ossory.*
 (*Chimham*, by Providence sent for fatal ends,
 Alive to kill his Foes, and dead his Friends.)
 What Aged Man but thou could stand alone,
 When his supporting Friend, his Staff was gone?

But thou, (thy Ages Comfort ta'ne away,)
 Thou wanting one thy self, to others wert a stay.
 The Crown thy help did need, this thought did give
 New vigour, and made thee content to live :
 This thought did keep thee up ; the Crown and we
 VVhom thou so oft supportedst, then supported thee.
 If Love to *David* held thee up, we now *King Charles,*
 Don't wonder, if when he did fall then thou didst bow.
Barzillai since that blow was never well,
 He stumbled then, though not till now he fell.
 We saw him when from *Jordan* he came down,
 To give the New Prince his welcome to the Crown ;
 VVe saw the Good Old Man, he weakly bows,
 And *David's* Fate sat heavy on his Brows.
 Grief having stopt his Mouth, for vent does rise,
 And in a silent shower it breathes forth at his Eyes ;
 Which trickling down, his Reverend Face bedew,
 And Grief for th' Old obstructs his Joy for th' New :
 'Tis now thy turn to be lamented o're,
 To be deplor'd, as thou didst him deplore.
 Weep than ye Muses for *Barzillai's* dead,
 Weep for your selves, your Friend is with him fled,
 Weep for your selves, and for *Barzillai* dead.

His Master calls him, and he must away,
 His Master could not brook his longer stay :
 He is not lost, but to his Master giv'n,
 VVho could not be without his Counsellour in Heaven.
Barzillai went before him still till now,
 And was his Guide to Glory, and Example too ;
 But *David* got the start at the long run,
 And he his Morning Star, now rose after the Sun :
 But with his Sun this benefit he shares,
 That when he set, 'twas in a Sea of tears.

If he did ever set ———

'Tis true indeed, he is no longer here,
And so does set to us, but shines more clear
And glorious in a brighter Hemisphere.

This only loss is ours, not his, and we
By his good will should now no losers be ;
We pardon thee this once, for thou before
(*Barzillai*) ne're wer't Rich, thy Friends and Country Poor.
Muses, no more for your *Barzillai* Pity shew,
Since he's happy enough to Pity you :
Still your own loss, your own sad Fate deplore,
Weep for your selves, but for *Barzillai* weep no more.

F I N I S.
